

DURER

with your apples
of sin and chaos

drawn to circassian
slave girls, whores

but you stayed cutting
the blocks of hard
wood in a cold
room in nurembourg

was it for that
chill that adam has
such huge leaves
on his penis

Colorless days when
it got dark early
painting yourself
as jesus

sun lute bells
and ladies
blurring in venice

Such long afternoons
growing crabs loons
knights and rabbits

wondering about
the flood that
would eat all men

Even your walrus
seems uneasy

eels half a
skinned rabbit
on an iron hook.
the grapes in

water blood
drying in sun

doors close.
rose stucco

2:40 we don't
say anything

to the one
other face

nothing just
the sea

moving shadows
of 3 girls

down the de
chirico streets,

lerchi

ONE OF 7 DEPRESSING THINGS

thinking about how just
writing the poem some
times is like putting
one that came back back
in an envelope again,
hoping it doesn't seem
like a thing gone over
too much and not wanted